

His Honor, Judge Buzzlenut

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I studied the crowd. Two or three stubble-bearded lumberjacks were talking with Father Avillard the French missionary; a Mexican was running his stogy finger through a dog's hair; a squalid squaw in a brown skirt, with a red undershirt in lieu of a waist, stood with folded arms gazing curiously at the Indian prisoner; the village women were chattering excitedly, with many significant noddings at the girl prisoner; beside me stood the gaudily accoutred Vigilantes still wearing the masks. The river filled the air with its droning hum; the moon, rising, peered through the timber on the mountains opposite. Jesse James could not have desired a more romantic setting for his execution.

Two men placed a keg of whiskey on the wagon box.

"Ain't it grand?" I turned and saw the printer's wife beside me.

"Oh! I had a terrible time trying to get them to go to the canyon," she said; then suddenly, "Now look at that!"

I looked. Behind the wagon box I espied a singularly distinguished-looking gentleman with iron-gray hair, white brows and mustache. I blinked my eyes and looked again. Could I be mistaken? No—it was the Judge! He had on black Prince Albert coat, a collar and Websterian tie, and gray trousers. Beckoning to Gilhooley and the printer to follow him he mounted the wagon box, and entered, with many grave head-shakings into deep conference first, with Gilhooley and then with the printer. They pointed repeatedly to Oglethorpe and the girl. Then Gilhooley stepped down from the wagon box and spoke a few words to the Indian prisoner, whose reply, vehemently gesticulated, he at once communicated to Buzzlenut, who nodded most gravely. Then the Judge sat down, urbanely, on the keg of grog.

A member of the Vigilantes—unknown to me—opened this most extraordinary meeting. He took off his hat and raised the pendant of his mask above his lips.

"We uns," he said, indicating his masked and mute comrades with a couple of calloused fingers, "we uns has decided to give the said prisoner the chance of a trial. Our friend Judge Buzzlenut whose learnin' y' know well, as his bin choos by the Vigilantes to hold this here trial."

With conscious precision the Judge arose and squared his shoulders mightily. By the antiracetic firmness of his lips, the onlooker—especially, poor, nervous Oglethorpe—might well conclude that an erstwhile warm and genial heart had turned to stone.

"I am overpowered, gentlemen," he began in his deep, rich voice, "by my estimation of the confidence you repose in me—in my judicial sagacity. During my long career as a Justice I have never experienced a sense of responsibility such as weighs upon my soul tonight. To act as the voice of the Vigilantes with the power of judge, jury, prosecution and defense combined! Fellow citizens, this is a tremendous trust."

"The Vigilantes were this night on the trail of a horse-lifter, but according to the evidence just now submitted to me, in thinks these gentlemen have apprehended a more opprobrious villain."

The buck Indian grinned.

The girl looked at the Judge—perplexed, I thought.

Oglethorpe Downfall opened his mouth to speak, but a withering look and a repelling gesture from the Judge, cowed him.

Then the Judge began a philippic which was remembered for many a day in that part of the West.

The history of early days, he said, recorded the "crimes of an abominable set of creature"—he squawmen. The security of white women, especially in isolated places, led some men to cohabit with the Indian women. Not all such men were "whelps and swine" declared the Judge; some married legally and became thrifty and honorable husbands and citizens. No, it was not of these that he spoke but of those "heartless brutes" who ruthlessly defied all the laws of God, of Nature and of man; who made toys and slaves of trusting Indian girls; who used their cunning and their pokes of gold, their blandishments and promises, to inveigle them into mock marriages, and finally to desert them and their "brood of naked young." Never did those squawmen intend to bring their women as wives, "back through the portals of civilization." Intellectuals, he declared with a self-conscious erection of his leonine head, differ as "star differeth from star" in brightness; but throughout the world, among civilized peoples, among primitive tribes, the Igorrotes, the "barbarous Scythian"—anywhere that men exist, the human heart is equal and the same. The heart of the Indian girl is as sensitive as that of the white; and had not the great DeSmet declared that the spirit of the white and the red man were equal in the "Inscrutable judgment of the Great Spirit?" "Of what base stripe," cried the Judge, "must these men have been to fill the green and peaceful forest with the red blood or broken hearts?"

He denounced them with terrific passion; his words—scathing, vitriolic—poured forth, not and wasting, like molten lava; and hot and copiously flowed the perspiration from his brow. He gesticulated so much, that he lost the majestic grace of his stroke and, at last, his arms waved wildly as he abandoned himself to his ardor. "The base squaw-man and all his kind" the Judge flared on, "the heart-breakers of the world, the false, the insincere, are bewild blots upon the fair escutcheon of the Caucasian race."

"But, Judge . . ." cried Oglethorpe, starting forward, unable to bear this any longer.

"Come not between the dragon and his wrath!" bellowed Buzzlenut. The author's guard jerked him roughly back to place. The crowd was absolutely spellbound; the only sound to be heard was the crackle of the fire which had burned low and was casting a crimson glow upon the scene. The Indian girl's eyes were wet with tears; her attitude was of pained defiance. Quite evidently, whatever part of his "great scheme"

the Judge had revealed to her, it had not included this outrageous and cyclonic climax. As for my single-minded self, I declare that thus far the point of Buzzlenut's joke and fun had positively eluded me. But my dull mind was able to grasp one thing; viz: that he had created and was making the most of this opportunity to display his prized pearls of sapience and his powers of forensic oratory; and moreover simply to gain this chance of glorifying himself, he had asked the little Indian girl to arrange public love-scenes between herself and Oglethorpe. Possibly the discomfort of the two poor youngsters was the substance of his "colossal joke." The old sinner!

In a tone of funeral solemnity the Judge proceeded: "Let this miserable culprit now be brought before me. Place him there—in the center—so that all may behold him. Prepare the torture stake, pile on the pitchy fagots. Western Justice shall be satisfied tonight."

"Prisoner, what have you to say for yourself, what can you say, what will you dare to say? Look upon me, Sir! Ten days ago you came into this highly civilized Western community in pursuit of substances for a 'manly' Western novel—in search of 'local color' as you called it. Look around you, now, and see how your grandest wishes have been amplified; behold yon poetic moon riding in the night above the forest, list to the tragic nocturne of the river there below; back in those silent mountains a band of Indians sit around their evening fires; on your right are sturdy lumberjacks whose ears still echo the crash of falling timber; and, all around you, stern and still, masked so that even their intimate friends may not recognize them, is a squadron of those relentless watchers of the crooked trails—those swift, remorseless executioners of border justice—the far-famed Vigilantes. All this we have arranged—er—er—your coming has provoked . . ." The Judge was getting confused "you yourself have actually created this array of border color tonight by neglecting for ten days to seek it out. Instead of working out the bright object of your visit here, you sought the bright eyes of yonder innocent Indian maid. We must therefore bring this business to a close."

Buzzlenut turned to the Indian girl; a smile of complacency spread over his face; he glowed with anticipated triumph.

"Rosallita," he called, "it is now your turn to speak; tell him the rest of the story, disabuse him of his fickle pretensions to your heart."

"There is nothing to tell, Buzzlenut," the girl cried hotly, "I told him all he wanted to know."

The Judge's face fell. "What!" he cried in consternation, "you . . . he knows . . . you revealed our plans!"

"Bad scran to hew," muttered Gilhooley.

"I told him that I love him, and I do—I do!"

Our Oglethorpe at last rushed manfully to her side and clasped her in his arms.

"And I love her," he cried, "my intentions are right honorable. I am no squaw-man and she is not a squaw. She is my black-eyed Princess! Not all the broken-down judges of Oregon can take this precious girl from me. She'll go East with me tomorrow to be my wife. Back there," he shouted, drawing a diminutive pistol and levelling it at the crowd, "back, and let us pass! Come, Rosallita, and let them pass."

The crowd parted, cheering, and let them pass.

The old squaw in the red shirt, with her mouth open, was staring stupidly.

His Honor, Judge Buzzlenut, sank speechless on the keg—looking very foolish.

"The devil fly away wit' both of them!" said Gilhooley.

THE END

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR COLUMBIA COUNTY.

In the matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Vida I. Emmons, Agatha R. Emmons and Margaret Emmons, Minors.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of and by virtue of a license duly issued and made by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Columbia County, on September 1, 1920, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of Vida I. Emmons, Agatha R. Emmons and Margaret Emmons, minors, authorizing, licensing and empowering the guardian thereof to sell all the real property of said estate at private sale, the undersigned, as guardian of said estate, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, (ten per cent to be paid on acceptance of bid and balance on confirmation of sale by this Court) from and after Monday, the 4th day of October, 1920, and continuing said sale until said property has been sold, all the right title, interest and estate of said minor in and to the following described real property in Columbia County, Oregon, to-wit: allot block numbered Five, in East Side Addition to Vernonia, in Columbia County, Oregon.

All bids to be directed to the undersigned at Mist, Oregon.

ELSA E. KNOWLES

Guardian of the estates of Vida I. Emmons, Agatha R. Emmons and Margaret Emmons, Minors.

Dated and first published Sept. 3, 1920.

Last publication October 1, 1920.

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Infected Soils Often Cause of Wheat Smut

Spore Showers Falling on Seed Bed May Germinate With Grain, and Infect New Crop.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis.—Why early plantings of smut-treated grain are often infected while late plantings are not, is thus explained by the plant pathologists of the O. A. C. Experiment station:

Smut spores are released in threshing smutty grain, and are often carried by the winds over considerable distances. They fall in showers on summer fallow and stubble lands, as well as on other lands, and unless started to germinate by early rains lie dormant until the land is seeded.

Then when rain falls to start the grain, the spores germinate and infect the seedlings.

Dicking stubble land does not insure protection, either by burying the spores too deep to bother or by giving them enough moisture to germinate. Hence smut trouble even with treated grain may occur on disked stubble lands as well as summer fallow.

The degree of soil infection is determined by the amount of smutty grain to the windward side of the field. Eastern Oregon is more subject to heavy smut showers than parts further west.

The only way at present known to prevent trouble from soil infection, is either to plant on freshly plowed land or plant after the first rains have started the spores—usually about six weeks of rainy weather. Treated grain sown on such lands is likely to produce clean crops, unless a new smut shower ensues. Danger of smut infection is much less with spring sown grain.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF COLUMBIA.

In the Matter of the Estate of John Hendrickson, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have been appointed the executors of the Estate of John Hendrickson, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Columbia, and that they have duly qualified as such.

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Any and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same to the undersigned at Mayger, Oregon, or to our attorney, W. H. Powell, 616 Chamber of Commerce Building, Portland, Oregon, duly verified, and with proper vouchers, as required by law, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

EMMA HENDRICKSON,
ELENOR HENDRICKSON,
W. H. Powell, Attorney for Executors.

Date of first publication, August 13, 1920.

Date of last publication, Sept. 10, 1920.

SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR THE COUNTY OF COLUMBIA.

Gertrude Walcott Smith, Plaintiff, vs. Harley Edwin Smith, Defendant.

To Harley Edwin Smith, above named Defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby commanded to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and cause on or before the 15th

day of October, 1920, that being the last day for publication of summons herein and if you fail so to appear and answer herein, plaintiff will apply to the above entitled court for the relief prayed for in plaintiff's complaint, to-wit: For the decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant herein.

This summons is served upon you by virtue of an order made upon you of the Honorable J. A. Eakin, Judge of the above entitled court on the 21st day of August, 1920, which order prescribes that the summons in this suit shall be served upon you by publication five or, once a week for six consecutive weeks in the St. Helens Mist, a newspaper of general circulation in the County of Columbia, State of Oregon, and that the first publication thereof be had on the 2nd day of September 1920, and that the last publication be had on the 15th day of October, 1920.

GEO. ESTES,
W. B. KAUFFMAN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff, 304-9
Lumbermens Bldg., Portland, Ore.

The Best Advertisement.
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